11660 g. 2
25
705/810

A NEW

BALLAD

ON

SUBSIDY TREATIES.

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound.*

- - - - - *facit indignatio verſum.*

LONDON:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. *Paul's.*

(Price Six-pence)

C 1750

A NEW

BALLAD

ON

SUBSIDY & TAXATIONS

BRITISH MUSEUM 10 NOV 54

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

LONDON:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. Paul's.

(Price Six-pence)

A NEW
BALLAD
ON
SUBSIDY TREATIES.

I.

HENCE Courtiers and Slaves, who no doubt are content,
But come, all free *Britons*, and pray be advis'd,
You pay Three in the Pound, and have but Three *per Cent*,
You are tax'd, fleec'd, and rated, and will be excis'd.

What with Clippings and Cleavings,
Reductions and Savings,
A Yahoo would disdain to take up with their Leavings,
And all [I beseech you, good Folks, keep your Temper]
For a damn'd *German* Borough, they call it the Empire.

II.

To *Germany*, Boys, all our Subſtance goes over,
Corn, Cattle, and Wool, ſhrunk to Subſidy Coin;
Now pray don't miſtake me, I mean not *Hanover*,
If it only went there we would never repine.
But *Saxons*, *Bavarians*,
And ſuch ſtrange Barbarians!
They had better e'en give it *Chineſe* and *Tartarians* ---
The fierce *Saxons*, we know to our Coſt how they'll earn it,
For Allies, to be ſure they are Devils incarnate.

III.

Away flies the Gold—aſk our Miniſters why?
Wherefore granted unknown both to Lords and to Commons?
They will tell you in ſneer, if they deign to reply,
'Tis to make one Duke *Joſeph* a King of the *Romans*.
† Eight pennyleſs Hectors,
Holy *German* Electors,
Are to ſtrip us—God bleſs 'em our noble Protectors—
But chief our great Stateſman deſerves our Affections,
Whoſe whole politic Skill is to bribe at Elections.

IV. Theſe

† Theſe Electors are Nine in all, but the Elector of *H*——*r* is ſo generous as to give his Vote for nothing.

IV.

Theſe Electors, what Monſters, you'll aſk, may they be—
They are great Carcaſe-Butchers that ſell human Mutton,
With an Apron, a Steel, and a great Snig-a-ſnee—
How their Subjects are ſlaughter'd they care not a Button.

A Pack of Raſcallions!
Meer Tatter-de-mallions!

And they ſell 'em by Droves, which they chriſten Battalions,
We muſt pay, cloath, and arm 'em, and give 'em long Commons,
For without 'em, good People, no King of the *Romans*.

V.

A King of the *Romans!* pray mark the Pretence—
To be ſure we poor *Engliſh* are ſavage and dull,
And ſpite of their Scorn for our plain native Senſe,
Old *John* isn't yet quite ſo wretched a Gull—

Do they think to inveigle us
With a Scheme ſo ridiculous!

Their *Romans* and they may e'en pack to old *Nicholas*—
But pray let 'em find out ſome better Excuſe,
For the Devil one *Roman* the World can produce.

VI.

Says the Emp'ror of *Germany*, toping his Glaſs,
Come here little *Joſeph*, and pledge me a Health
To our Cullies of *England*——and round let it paſs---
'Tis the good *Engliſh* Tribute ſupplies us with Wealth.
Hark, their Gold how it rings!
Baſe mechanical Things!
But without 'em we're Beggars---and with 'em we're Kings--
Then he chink'd it, and ſwagger'd, and cock'd his great Hat--
Old *England* pays Tribute---brave Boys think of that.---

VII.

You all have read *Æſop*, both great ones and ſmall ones,
How a poor ſilly Mutton was fleec'd by a Daw;
In the Chine was his Beak, in the Rump were his Talons,
Fleſh and Blood, Wool and all, fill'd his mercileſs Maw.
Can a Fable be patter?
Who the Sheep are no matter,
Nor our good Friends the Daws that rend, flutter, and chatter---
But there's worſe News than this [and a Word to the wiſe]
For an Eagle has peck'd out the old Lion's Eyes.

VIII.

Then away with this bribing and fighting on dry Land,
Our Empire's the Sea ; on the Sea we are great ;
And if *France* dare provoke this invincible Iſland,
Let us arm the Militia, and man out the Fleet----

This Bubble we're chaſing
Is a Shift for Tax-raiſing,

Their Electors and Emp'rors e'en turn 'em a grazing,---
For King of *Great Britain*, her Lords, and her Commons,
Little GEORGE is the only true King of the *Romans*.

F I N I S.

VIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM 10 54 NOV